TALE OF THE OLD WEST BY HARRY LEON WILSON THE SPENDERS

CHAPTER I.

The Dead City.

The city without life lay handsomely along a river in the early sunlight of neath. September morning. Death had had it made any scar. No breach or and sneezing antagonist did. Releasrent or disorder or sign of violence ing the pressure from his throat with could be seen. streets breathed the still airs of utter the new knowledge, he managed to peace and quiet. From the half-circle gasp, though thickly and with pain, around which the broad river bent its as they still strove: moody current, the neat houses, set in cool, green gardens, were terraced up the high hill, and from the summit of this a stately marble temple, glittering of newness, towered far above them in placid benediction.

From a skiff in mid-river, a young man rowing toward the dead city rested on his oars and looked over his shoulder to the temple on the hilltop.

was stunned by the hush of the stood, turning to each quarter for some | hold!" solution of the mystery. Perceiving at length that there was reall; no life wonderingly up a street that led from the waterside-a street which, when he had last walked it, was quickening with the rush of a mighty commerce.

Soon his expression of wonder was darkened by a shade of anxiety. There was an unnerving quality in the trance-like stillness; and the mystery of it pricked him to forebodings. He was now passing empty workshops, hesitating at door after door with evermounting alarm. Then he began to -call, but the sound of his voice served only to aggravate the silence.

Growing bolder, he tried some of the doors and found them to yield, letting him into a kind of smothered. troubled quietness even more oppressive than that outside. He passed an empty ropewalk, the hemp strewn untidily about, as if the workers had left hurriedly. He peered curiously at idle looms and deserted spinningwheels-deserted apparently but the instant before he came. It seemed as if the people were fled maliciously just in front, to leave him in this fearfullest of all solitudes. He wondered if he did not hear their quick, furtive steps, and see the vanishing shadows of

At last, half-way up the next block, he thought his eyes caught for a short half-second the mere thin shadow of a skulking figure. It had seemed to pass through a grape arbour that all but shielded from the street a house slightly more pretentious than its neighbors. He ran toward the spot, calling as he went. But when he had the garden and around the end of the arbor, dense with the green leaves and clusters of purple grapes, the space in front of the house was bare. If more than a trick-phantom of his eye had been there, it had vanished.

He stepped inside and called. There was no answer, but above his head a board creaked. He started up the stairs in front of him, and, as he did so, he seemed to hear cautious steps across a bare floor above. He stopped climbing; the steps ceased. He started up, and the steps came again. He knew now they came from a room at the head of the stairs. He bounded up the remaining steps and pushed open the door with a loud "Halloo!"

The room was empty. Yet across it the house.

Determined to be no longer eluded. he crossed the room on tiptoe and gently tried the opposite door. It was locked. As he leaned against it, almost in a terror of suspense, he knew he heard again those little seemings of a presence a door's thickness away. He did not hesitate. Still holding the turned knob in his hand, he quickly crouched back and brought his flexed flew open with a breaking sound, and. in the room to confront its unknown

Then, from behind the door he had spened, a staggering blow was dealt him, and, before he could recover, or going?" had done more than blindly crook one arm protectingly before his face, he faith-keepin'? Have you brought back was borne heavily to the floor, writh- the wagons?" ing in a grasp that centered all its crushing power about his throat.

CHAPTER II.

The Wild Ram of the Mountains.

his burden under him, and all but loosened the killing clutch. This again he was swiftly drawn under-

As the light flooded in, he saw the emingly not been long upon it, nor truth, even before his now panting The long, shaded a sudden access of strength born of

"Seth Wright-wait-let go-wait, Seth-I'm Joel-Joel Rae!"

He managed it with difficulty "Joel Rae-Rae-Rae-don't

They looked at each other in pauting amazement, until the older man recovered his breath and spoke:

"Gosh and all beeswax! The Wfld Ram of the Mountains a-settin' on the Landing presently at the wharf, he Lute of the Holy Ghost's stomach achokin' him to death. My sakes! I'm streets. This was not like the city of a-pantin' like a tuckered hound-a-20,000 people he had left three months thinkin' he was a cussed milishy before. In blank bewilderment he mobocrat come to spoil his house-

The younger man was now able to speak, albeit his breathing was still either way along the river, he started heavy and the marks of the struggle plain upon him. "What does it mean, Brother

Wright-all this? Where are the Saints we left here-why is the city control myself." deserted-and why this-this?"

"Thought you was a milishy mso, I tell you, from the careless way you Ghost got too rambunctious back in

day morning, but we knew they would be, fand so all Wednesday night we was movin' acrost the river, and it kept up all next day-day before yesterday. You'd ought to 'a' been here you wouldn't wonder at my comin' down on you like a thousand of brick jest now, takin' you for a mobocrat. You'd 'a' seen families druy right out of their homes, with no horses, tents, money, nor a day's provisions-jest a little foolish household -sick men and women carried on beds, mothers luggin' babies and leadwant to run some bullets and fill my old horn with powder for the consolation of Israel! They're lyin' out brought them close to the window, but over there in the slough now, as many as ain't gone to glory. It made me jest plumb murderous!"

The younger man uttered a sharp crf of anguish. "What, oh, what has till you come." been our sin, that we must be proved again? Why have we got to be chastened?

"Then Brockman's force marched in Thursday afternoon, and hell was let loose. His devils have plundered the town, thrown out the bedridden that jest couldn't move, thrown their goods after 'em, burned, murdered, tore up. You come up from the river, and you ain't seen that yet-they ain't touched the lower part of town -and now they're bunkin' in the temple, defacin' it-that place we built to be a house of rest for the Lord when he cometh again. They drove me acrost the river yesterday, and promised to shoot me if I dast show myself again. I sneaked over in a skiff last night and got here to get my two pistols and some money and trinkets we'd hit out. I was goin' to cross again to-night and wait for you and the wagons."

"Do you know, Bishop, I've thought that he might mean us to save ourselves against this Gentile persecution. Sometimes I find it hard to

The Bishop grinned appreciatively. "So I heer'd. The Lute of the Holy



A Staggering Blow Was Dealt Him.

hollered-one of Brockman's devils the States on the subject of our crave trouble, but when I saw the from your mission?" Lord appeared to reely want me to there was the indefinable trail of a cope with the powers of darkness, myself; that I might hurt the cause presence—an odor, a vibration, he why, I jist gritted into you for the by my ill-tempered zeal—and yet I knew not what-and where a bar of consolation of Israel. You'd 'a' got brought in many-" sunlight cut the gloom under a half- your come-uppance, too, if you'd 'a' raised curtain, he saw the motes in been a mobber. You was nigh a-ceasthe air all astir. Opposite the door in' to breathe, Joel Rae. In another and the first time I preached, at that. he had opened was another, leading, minute I wouldn't 'a' give the ashes apparently, to a room at the back of of a rye-straw for your part in the by Peter, James and John,' a drunken tree of life!"

"Yes, yes, man, but go back a little. Where are our people, the sick, the leave till now? Tell me, quick."

questioner.

shoulder heavily against the door. It why? Well, them pitiful remnant of You'll join now fast enough, I guess. Saints, the sick, the old, the poor, with a little gasp of triumph, he was waitin' to be helped yender to winter doin's. I can give you the oath any quarters, has been throwed out into time." that there slough acrost the river, six hundred and forty of 'em."

"When we were keeping faith by

"What does a mobocrat care for

"Yes: they'll reach the other side to-night. I came shead and made the lower crossing. I've seen nothing and practice meekness. What'd you cross up of the Messiah's latter-day kingheard nothing. Go on-tell me-talk, the river for, anyway?"

man! "Talk?-yes, I'll talk! We've had Slight though his figure was, it was mobs and the very scum of hell to boil lithe and active and well-muscled, and over here. This is Saturday, the 19th, trouble?" he knew as they struggled that his ain't it? Well, Brockman marched assailant was possessed of no greater against this stronghold of Israel jest advantage than had lain in his point a week ago, with 800 mon. Tuesday, of attack. In strength, apparently, along comes a committee of 100 to It's a burned plains you'll find, and "What do you mean? How could I they were well matched. Twice they negotiate peace. Well, Wednesday Lima and Moriey all the same, and have questioned? How could I have rolled over on the carpeted floor, and ovening they signed terms, spite of all Rear Creek. The mobbers started out rebelled against the stepping-stone of despite the big, bony hands I could do. I'd 'a' fought till the white from Warsaw, and burned all in their my excitation " ng about his throat, he turned craws come a cawio', but the rast of way, Morley first, then Green Plains.

come back a-snoopin', and I didn't wrongs. And so they called you back "They said I must learn to school

"I don't blame you. I got in trouble the first and only mission I went on, When I said, 'Joseph was ordained wag in the audience got up and called me a damned Har. I started for him. I never reached him, but I reached old, and the poor, that we had to the end of my mission right there. The Twelve decided I was usefuller The older man sprang up, the late here at home. They said I hadn't got struggle driven from his mind, his enough of the Lord's humility for outface scowling. He turned upon his side work. That was why they put me at the head of-that little organ-"Does my fury swell up in me? No ization I wanted you to join last wonder! And you hain't guessed spring. And it's done good work, too. You begin to see the need of such

"No, Bishop, I didn't mean that kind of resistance. It sounded too practical for me; I'm still satisfied to be man for having denied myself and the Lute of the Holy Ghoat."

"You can be a Son of Dan, too." be a little meek in the face of Heav- ern states because I had been en

"Why, for father and mother, of Plains. Can I get out there without secret."

The Blahop sneared. "Be meck, will you? Well, mosey out to Green Plains and begin there.

Morley for talkin' back to 'em."

"But father and mother, surely-" "Your pa and ma was druv in here with the rest, like cattle to the slaugh-

ter. "You don't mean to say they're over

there on the river bank?" "Now, they's a kind of a mystery about that-why they wa'n't throwed out with the rest. Your ma's sick abed-she ain't ever been peart since the night your pa's house was fired stuff they could carry in their hands and they had to walk in-but that ain't the reason they wa'n't throwed out. They put out others sicker. in' children. My sakes! but I did They flung families where every one was sick out into that slough. guess what's left of 'em wouldn't be a supper-spell for a bunch of longbilled mosquitoes. But one of them milishy captains was certainly partial to your folks for some reason. They was let to stay in Phin Daggin's house

"And Prudence-the Corsons-Miss Prudence Corson?"

"Oh, ho! So she's the one, is she? Now that reminds me, mebbe I can guess the cute of that captain's partiality. That girl's been kind of lookin' after your pa and ma, and that same milishy captain's been kind of lookin' after the girl. She got him to let her folks go to Springfield." "But that's the wrong way."

"Weil, now, I don't want to spleen but I never did believe Vince Corson was anything more'n a hickory Saint -and there's been a lot of talk-but you get yours from the girl. If I ain't been misled, she's got some ready for

"Bishop, will there be a way for us to get into the temple, for her to be sealed to me? I've looked forward to that, you know. It would be hard to miss it."

"The mob's got the temple, even if you got the girl. There's a verse writ in charcoal on the portal: 'Large house, tall steeple,

Silly priests, deluded people.' That's how it is for the temple, and the mob's bunked there. But the girl may have changed her mind, too."

The young man's expression became wistful and gentle, yet serenely sure,

CHAPTER III.

The Lute of the Holy Ghost Breaks His Fast.

In his cautious approach to the Daggin house, he came upon her unawares-a slight, slender, shapely thing of pink and golden flame, as she poised where the sun came full upon her. One hand clutched her flowing blue skirts anugly about her ankles; the other opened coaxingly to a kitten crouched to spring on the limb of an apple tree above her. The head was thrown back, the vivid lips were parted, and he heard her laugh low to herself.

Stepping from the covert that had shielded him, he called softly to her "Prudence-Prue!

She had reached for the kitten, but at the sound of his low, vigorous note, she turned quickly toward him, coloring with a glow that spread from the corner of the crossed kerchief up to the vellow hair above her brow. She answered with quick breaths. 'Joel-Joel-Joel!'

She laughed aloud, clapping her small hands, and he ran to her-over beds of marigolds, heartsease and lady slippers, through a row of drowsy looking, heavy-headed dahlias, and past other withering flowers, all but choked out by the rank garden growths of late summer. Then his arms opened and seemed to swallow the leaping little figure.

"You dear old sobersides, you-how gaunt and careworn you look, and how hungry, and what wild eyes you have to frighten one with! At first I

thought you were a crazy man." He held her face up to his eager eyes, having no words to say, overcome by the joy that surged through him like a mighty rush of waters. In the moment's glorious certainty he rested until she stirred nervously under his devouring look, and spoke.

"Come, kiss me now and let me go." He kissed her eyes so that she shut them; then he kissed her lips-longletting her go at last, grudgingly, fearfully, unsatisfied.

"You scare me when you look that way. You mustn't be so fierce.' "I told him he didn't know you."

"Who didn't know me, sir?" "A man who said I wasn't sure of

"So you are sure of me, are you,

Mr. Preacherman? Is it because been sweethearts since so long? But remember you've been much away. I've seen you-let me count-but one little time of two weeks in three years. You would go on that horrid mission." "Is not religion made up of obe-

dience, let life or death come?" "Is there no room for loving one's sweetheart in it?"

"One must obey, and I am a better gone. I can love you better. I have been taught to think of others. I was "Not yet, not yet. We must still sent to open up the gospel in the eastdowed with almost the open vision. "Yon're in a mighty poor place to It was my call to help in the setting dom. Besides, we may never question the commands of the holy priesthood, course. They must be safe at Green even if our wicked hearts rebel in

"If you had questioned the right person sharply enough, you might have had an answer as to why you were sent."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

'em wasn't so het up with the Holy Ghost, I reckon. Anyway, they signed. To the houses and drive the folks in The terms wasn't reely set till Thurs. They killed Ed Durfee at New York Town Talk

Interesting Gossip Gathered in the Metropolis-"No Tipping" Signs Becoming Popular in Many Restaurants-Chess Expert Has Noise-Proof Room in Heart of Bedlam.



NEW YORK.-Establishments having in their windows the legend, "Tipping prohibited," are epidemic in East Twenty-third street, in the short block from Madison to Fourth avenues. A restaurant proprietor started the idea and then a barber shop in the same building, which is that of a large life insurance company, followed suit. Another "tonsorial parlor" on the ground floor of a skyscraper opposite, to meet competition, put up a sign: "No tips here." A second restaurant man is thinking of putting a stop to all gratuities, and a knight of the razor in Fourth avenue is gravely considering joining the procession.

"How does it work?" exclaimed the pioneer restaurant man. "Well, I've been here a year and a half now and all my waiters have been with me ever since and not one of them is dissatisfied. I give them about two dollars

more wages than they would be able to get in other places of the same kind where tips are permitted. If anybody passes a dime or a quarter to them their actions depend on circumstances. If the man who offers it has apparently not seen the sign and they think it would insult him to refuse they let the coin be where he put it and say: 'Thank you.' I let them take it later, but with the distinct understanding that I do not sanction tipping. The second time that customer comes in he has seen the sign and has taken a hint. "Objection on the part of the waiters to the non-tipping system, as it is

applied here, is practically nothing and they rather like the idea of being sure of getting definite wages. At the time the public likes the innovation, and where the waiter is not all the time hanging around for a tip the customers get just as good service. Once or twice a week I dine out at some other man's restaurant, just for a change, and I give tips there myself because it is the custom of the house. I think though that the idea is spreading for I now see 'no tipping' signs in Sixth avenue. I have no doubt that the number of restaurants where there are no gratuities permitted will be greatly increased."

WEALTH OF THE EMPIRE STATE.

By the computation of the census bureau the wealth of the state of New York comprised in farms and other real property, factories, railroads, telegraphs, canals, machinery, gold and silver, etc., is \$14,769,042,207. This is approximately oneseventh of the national total of \$107,000,000,000. It exceeds Italy's wealth by nearly \$2,000,000,000 and is about equal to the combined national resources of Spain, Portugal, Switzerland and the Netherlands. It ranks New York among the financial great powers, with a standing just below that of Austria-Hungary.

A per capita division of the state's wealth would give \$2,000 to every man, woman and child, as compared with the national average of \$1,320. It represents the aggregate possession of 15,000 plain millionaires, 50 Carnegies or 20 Rockefellers. It would buy all the rallroads in the United States.



To this enormous wealth the state is adding \$500,000,000 a year, or almost the valuation of a Baltimore. It is a wonderful showing of material prosperity, one that gives a prouder claim to the title of empire state. Within this single commonwealth is now contained more than double the wealth of the entire nation half a century ago and its annual increase more than exceeds the total value of our export trade when Grant was president.

GOTHAMITE SUCCEEDS IN DEFYING NOISE.



Proof against all the din of street and river is the sound proof shelter deep in the foundations of the villa of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, at No. 170 Riverside drive. The Rices are the successful leaders of a campaign against the superfluous whistling of the craft which ply in the Hudson. and are also the pioneers of a movement which is to bring into being the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noises.

Mr. Rice is one of the best-known patrons of the game of chess in the United States and the inventor of a gambit which has given him a high place among the experts who move knights and bishops over the checkered board. Chess is a game which requires quiet and contemplation When Mr. Rice invited his friends to tournaments he found that the caterwauling of the girons of the steam tugs which went up and down the river

exerted a disturbing influence. He would have had to give up playing the game entirely perhaps had it not occurred to him that in the foundations of his house was a space which could be readily utilized as a sound proof refuse. It is literally a chamber blasted and hewn out of the living rock.

Despite its walls of rock, unpierced by windows except at the back, this room has a free circulation of air and is one of the most cosy and comfortable aparements imaginable. Only once in awhile, on very foggy nights, is the sound of the steam sirens heard, and then it comes only as a faint and far off echo. The room is 22 feet square and there is abundant space for six tables and numerous leather upholstered chairs.

OLD LANDMARK TO BE TORN DOWN.

The old Sinclair house, at Broadway and Eighth street, one of the city's most famous and ancient landmarks, is to be torn down to give way to the needs of modern business. years ago the house was the center of social life and the principal eating place of New York. For nearly 100 years it has stood with varying fortunes.

Built originally by a Dr. Parker, the house was intended as a residence, but was abandoned later as being too far outside the city limits. It was bought by Robert Sinclair and turned into a roadhouse. Its reputation grew until it was synonymous for fine game dinners and rare wines. Coaching parties wound up there and many elopers made it their Gretna Green. Later the house no longer was outside the

city and its fame increased. In the heart of the theaterical district, it was the most famous resort of its kind for many years.



It is to be demolished to make way for a 12-story mercantile building.

HERO OF ROMANCE RECEIVES STORY OF ELOPEMENT.



There is a funny little story of a New York man who has been put into a book and can't find out what book it is. A few years ago this man, who is prominent in his own particular line, eloped with a pretty young woman. He and his flances rode on bicycles one morning up to the old Sleepy Hollow church, the Washington Irving church, where they were married. The church had not been opened for a service for years before, and has not been opened since; but the bridegroom's father was an antiquarian who had made a study of the Irving region, and on this account the use of the church was secured. The elopers were accompanied by a friend of the bridegroom.

A year or so later the bridegroom received a package of printed matter by mail. On opening it he found it contained several pages of a book, with the title carefully removed from the top. The pages contained an accurate account of the bleyele wedding, including many amusing features, one of them a wait under a shed for a shower to pass; another an encounter with a bunch of staid residents returning from church-it was Sunday morningwho gazed scandalized at the bride when her divided akirts flew back, reveal ing neat knickerbockers.

Since then the man has received at intervals more pages out of a book, faithfully detailing more of his private affairs. It is evident that he and his wife have reen taken as the hero and heroine of the tale, a position for which their character and experiences fits them admirably. But what the book is or where it is to be found they have not yet discovered.